THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

ON Monday the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, with his sons and suite, dined at the Rosherville Hotel, and afterwards honoured the far-famed gardens with a visit. Their Highnesses went down the river in their yacht, and landed at the Rosherville Pier. Upon leaving they expressed themselves pleased with their visit and with the beauty of the gardens.

The whole of the debts of the late Henry Marquis of Hastings have been paid in full, under the order of the Court of Chancery, with interest at four per cent., viz.: Debts of £10 and under, by Mr. Frederick John Blake, the late lord's solicitor; and debts over £10, by the accountant-general of the court.

On Saturday the heavy importation of grouse from shooting quarters caused a considerable reduction in the value of grouse in the London trade, many of the hampers of closely-packed birds being in an advanced condition. Prime fresh corn-fed grouse sold at 6*s.* to 7*s.* per brace, but small and heather birds were hawked about for sale at 2*s.* to 3*s.* per ditto. Hares sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

We regret to announce the death of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, who for twenty-two years filled the distinguished post of Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. The deceased baronet was born in London, September 23, 1783. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was senior wrangler 64 years ago. In 1807 he was called to the bar, and selected the Northern Circuit, at a time when Brougham, who was his senior by five or six years, was rapidly rising into fame. Pollock remained a stuff gownsman for twenty years, and was made a King's Counsel in 1827. Four years later he entered Parliament for the borough of Huntingdon. On the formation of Sir Robert Peel's first Ministry in 1834, he was appointed Attorney-General, a position which he also occupied when the right hon. baronet again came into power in September, 1841. In April, 1844, he received the appointment of Lord Chief Baron, in succession to Lord Abinger, a position which he continued to occupy until July, 1866, when Lord Derby's third government was formed. Sir F. Pollock then retired on a pension, and received a baronetcy. He was a younger brother of the late Sir D. Pollock, Chief Justice of Bombay, and elder brother of Field Marshal Sir George Pollock.

Our readers will hear with regret of the sudden and accidental death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known indefatigable manager of the Crystal Palace, and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He fell into the water from the deck of one of the river steamers, near Greenwich, on Thursday afternoon; and although he was quickly extricated by Inspector Goode, of the Thames police, and taken to shore, life was extinct, notwithstanding all possible restoratives were applied.

The editor of the *Tomahawk* writes to the *Daily News* as follows:—"Owing to the inability of the liquidator of the estate of Sir William Russell, Bart., to comply with an order of the Court of Bankruptcy in reference to the *Tomahawk*, I am forced to stop the publication of that periodical at the height of its popularity."

In New Zealand the government are vigorously pushing on with the interior roads and telegraph, and by the end of the year the remotest points of the north island will be traversed by roads, and every settlement of importance connected by the electric telegraph.

The son of Robert Houdin, the well-known wizard, is, or rather was, a captain in the Zouaves; this is his legacy to his family as written from the battle-field, where M'Mahon's corps, facing fearful odds, heroically failed. Are not the lines impressive as so many drum-taps?—"Dear father, I have received a ball in the breast; the doctor gives me over. I kiss you all."

The Emperor's Fête-day, although deprived of its festal character, was not allowed to pass away without the usual "decoration" of the more distinguished citizens with the Order of the Legion of Honour. Among the musicians singled out for the distinction, which may perhaps in days to come bear to them a melancholy interest in connection with the dynasty under which it was conferred, were M. Nuitter, the well-known collaborateur of Offenbach, M. Th. Semet, the composer of *Gil Blas* and *La Petite Fadette*, and M. Laurens, a veteran musical critic.

The *Frankfort Gazette* has been seized in its offices for having spoken of a cavalry action at Pont-à-Mousson in which the French were victorious. The news had been sent to it from Paris in a letter, and the journal in giving it had expressed doubts, but the patriotism of the authorities took offence notwithstanding.

Some days ago a regiment of Uhlans entered a village through which the French army had passed four-and-twenty hours before. The French had with great difficulty obtained 3,000 rations from the country people—the Prussians required 25,000; they were told that it was impossible to comply with this demand, and that by completely despoiling the inhabitants it would be impossible to collect more than a quarter of what was claimed. The commandant pulled some notes out of his pocket and looked through them. "Where is Schultz?" said he. "Here am I, commandant," replied an honest fellow, reddening with pride at finding himself known to so powerful a person. "You have three cows, a hundred hens. I know where you have hidden your oats; you withdrew your flour yesterday. Be so good as to fetch all that, and be quick about it." Thus the commandant called all the inhabitants one after the other, and proved to them that he was as well acquainted as themselves with their resources. It is needless to add that the 25,000 rations were made up in an hour's time. The Prussians act in this manner everywhere, thanks to the skill and number of their spies; and this explains how such great numbers always seem well provided with food.

The following account of the unpleasant straits to which an amateur follower of the army was recently reduced, may be read with profit by "Specials":—Ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and with a certain faculty for scrapes, he found himself surrounded by angry men in uniform just as he was endeavouring to master the details of a battle on the smoking field itself. He had waited prudently until the fighting was over, and had then sallied out, eager, curious, and enthusiastic. I pass by his futile attempts to convince his captors of his innocent intent. He was a spy, of course, and must be hung to the nearest tree. It was when things were going hardest with him that an officer appeared on the scene who decided that the soldiers must not take the law into their own hands, and that the prisoner must be securely bound and guarded, and sent on to the authorities. The unhappy man's hands were then tied behind his back, his feet bound together, and he himself thrown into a large cart in which were some wounded soldiers, whose rage at his presence, and convictions as to his character took an unpleasant practical form. Too disabled to prod him with bayonets, or punish him with stripes, they bit him in fleshy parts, yelling meanwhile the comprehensive accusation "spy," and swearing between each snarl and bite that he must die the death. Once before a responsible chief, the much injured man was able to prove his innocence, and was set free, with many polite protestations and apologies. He declares, however, that he has had enough of following the war, and, with many a wry face, that he shall not forget his ride with carniverous loyalists for the rest of his life.

It is unpleasant to be ugly. Fable, aphorism, and moral lectures notwithstanding, we all incline to beauty, and the best philosopher among us would hesitate about accepting a hump-back or a hideously-distorted face as the condition of increased knowledge. Our worship is every whit as fanatical as the Greeks, save that we have not the honesty to avow it, and even while we vaunt our superiority to externals, we are affected or repulsed by the cast of features and the play of their expression. But ugliness is dangerous in Paris. One of the poor fellows arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the recent outbreak at Villette has found out to his cost. General Trochu seems determined to govern on constitutional principles, and full reports are published in the daily journals of the proceedings at the first court-martial. An officer in the army and an officer of the firemen were the judges, and, on the face of it, it seems as if a good many of the arrests were made in error. "He is an honest man, a good man," said a witness concerning one prisoner; "I have known him many years, and the only thing against him is that he looks like a scamp." The accused is affected and asks pathetically if it is his fault that he resembles a brigand.

"I need not tell you," says a French correspondent, "the opinion the army has of some of its leaders—Lebœuf, Frossard, de Failly. The soldiers feel they have been betrayed, and so they have. Never did men show such valour as has been shown by these poor French soldiers, and never was such *mauvaise volonté* shown by the chiefs. General Frossard was at dinner during all the affair at Weissenburgh, and although messengers came and told him the state of affairs he remained at dinner, and smoked his cigar till 4 o'clock p.m. There are jealousies among the French generals just as there were among the Austrians in 1866. They like each other to be defeated, hoping they will show themselves off, and become marshals. Indeed, this is just the campaign of 1866 over again. The morale of the troops, nevertheless, is splendid; those poor soldiers and officers are really heroes."

"There are, unfortunately," writes a gentleman from Prussian Head-quarters, "loud rumours of atrocities committed by the French upon the wounded. Making allowance for much exaggeration, I fear that there are some grounds for these painful reports. The Turcos, it is said, are the principal offenders, though French peasants have also been accused of such barbarous practices. Some Turco prisoners, on being questioned, stated that they had only mutilated the dead, whom it could not hurt; but a gentleman of this town, who is proud of his knowledge of English, related to me, from his own knowledge, how, when "a birish (Bavarian) soldier was winding his leg, a Turco, which was also blessed, come and bited his nose ab!—You say that is war?"

The question of cremation, or burning dead bodies instead of burying them, for a long time discussed, has again been mooted in respect to the victims of the war. A medical commission has been named in France to examine the subject. In ordinary graves, the natural decomposition of bodies produces deleterious gases, the injurious action of which is now admitted by all hygienists. The quick lime added in the large common trenches to hasten the destruction of bodies does not prevent the disengagement of infectious emanations from all these putrid corpses, and penetrating through the layer of earth which covers them. The business in hand is not to substitute in ordinary cases the funeral pile for interment, but to ascertain the amount of danger caused after a great battle to survivors by the inhumation of a great number of corpses within a narrow space, and to inquire whether their combustion would not have great advantages.

It is announced that a hot spring has been discovered in Nevada, from which flows, if not chicken soup, something so like it, when properly seasoned with pepper and salt, as to make it impossible to tell one from the other. Three pounds of beef boiled in the water of this spring will yield as much broth as 12lb boiled in ordinary water. Nor is its usefulness confined to this, for it has been discovered to possess a property, not found, we believe, in any other chicken soup, of perpetuating itself, so to speak, by hatching out the eggs of its chief constituent. This peculiarity, indeed, suggests an explanation of the phenomenon; for the discovery of the hatching power may have been made at so remote a period, and the practice kept up so uninterruptedly till the present day, that something of the essence of all these countless chickens has passed into the waters of their fostering spring. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains, and is said to be attested by numerous veracious witnesses. The proprietors of the spring have even erected bath-houses, where those who desire it can, by the addition of the proper seasoning ingredients we suppose, enjoy the unusual luxury of a bath in chicken soup. The Empress Poppæa Sabina was accustomed to bathe in asses' milk, and it is said that Paris physicians frequently prescribe a bath in wine, which, we shudder to relate, is afterwards bottled and exported for American use. Some of the mistresses of Charles II bathed in milk, which was afterwards sold at half-price to the poor. But a bath in chicken soup is a privilege that neither Rome nor Paris nor England ever attained. And yet foreigners talk about our western wilds.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

MARTIN GOULD.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ:—

Martin Gould.	Mrs. Sowerby (his sister-in-law).
Richard Vaughan (a young surgeon).	Harper
Dalton (a merchant).	Abel.
Amy (his daughter).	A Clerk. Servant.

Act I.—*London.* Acts II., III., IV.—*Liverpool. Between the Second and Third Acts, an interval of ten days is supposed to elapse.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A sitting room in* Dalton's *house in London.*

Amy, Mrs. Sowerby, *afterwards* Dalton.

Mrs. Sowerby (holding a skein of wool). Amy, come and hold this skein for me.

Amy (rising from her embroidery). Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Sowerby. What shall I wind it on? Get me a scrap of paper—a card—or something.

Amy (giving a card). This will do.

Mrs. Sowerby. Take the skein.

Dalton (putting his head out of door). Amy!

Amy. Papa!

Dalton. Where did you put my scarf?

Amy. On the bed.

Dalton. I don't see it.

Amy. I'll come and find it for you. One moment, aunt—

Dalton. Any one called for me this morning, Mrs. Sowerby?

Mrs. Sowerby. No.

Dalton. No letter from Liverpool?

Mrs. Sowerby. If there had been, I should have sent it to you.

Dalton. H'm, I don't know that: you *do* forget sometimes.

Amy (taking him by the arm). Come, papa.

Mrs. Sowerby. I forget! Well, where on earth have I put the card that child gave me?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mrs. Byron, ma'am, has sent to inquire how you are.

Mrs. Sowerby. My kind regards, much better.

Servant. And a gentleman called and left this card. [*Gives card and exit.*

Mrs. Sowerby (reads). "Mr. Dudgeon." What an absurd name! *I* don't know any "Dudgeons." (*Reads.*) "Will wait at home until twelve o'clock." He can wait until one if he pleases. It doesn't concern me how he employs his time. What an age Amy is finding her papa's scarf! "Dudgeon," a mistake, evidently. I shall send the card down again. (*Calling*) Amy!

Enter Amy *and* Dalton.

Amy. Here I am, aunt.

Mrs. Sowerby. What *have* you been about? I shall never get my skein wound. (Amy *takes the skein, and, without perceiving it, winds the wool round* Mr. Dudgeon's *card.)*

Dalton (goes to chimney piece). Half-past eleven!

Mrs. Sowerby. Take care of my vase.

Dalton. You are sure no one has been for me?

Mrs. Sowerby. I have told you—no one.

Dalton. You're quite sure?

Mrs. Sowerby. Do you imagine I want to conceal you like a bale of contraband goods?

Dalton. It is incomprehensible. And no letter from Liverpool! Are my letters sent up immediately they arrive?

Mrs. Sowerby. Now really, brother, you are too absurd. What possible reason could the servants have for detaining your letters? Pray, mind my vase.

Dalton. Five and twenty minutes to twelve!

Mrs. Sowerby. Those vases cost five guineas a-piece at Phillips's.

Dalton. My dear, I'm not going to eat them.

Mrs. Sowerby. I suppose not. But they are in as much danger as if you were the Dragon of Wantly. I don't know what's the matter with you this morning. You get up: you sit down: walk about: touch everything. My vase trembles at every step you take.

Dalton. It seems firm enough.

Mrs. Sowerby. Firm, yes, at present. But when you gesticulate before the chimney piece, like this (*In imitating* Dalton *she knocks down the vase, which falls shattered at* Dalton's *feet).* There! What did I tell you!

Amy (running to her father). You are not hurt papa?

Dalton. No, dear.

Mrs. Sowerby. It would have done no harm if he had been. My beautiful vase! Five guineas at Phillips's, and the set spoilt! It was not for want of warning. I told you what it would be; and now I hope you are satisfied.

Dalton. I beg to observe that you broke the vase, not I.

Mrs. Sowerby. I felt convinced you would say that!

Dalton. My dear sister-in-law, you have an extraordinary knack of saddling other people with the consequences of your own misdeeds. Most persons when they commit an error think it right to apologize, but you make a point of abusing the victim.

Mrs. Sowerby. What! I——

Dalton. It is you who overturned that vase, and nearly buried me beneath the ruins. I don't blame *you;* and it seems hard, under the circumstances, that you should attack *me.*

Mrs. Sowerby. Very well. It is I who am in fault. My vase is not broken, if you prefer it. What exasperates me is——

Dalton. What exasperates *me*——

Amy (soothing Dalton). My aunt has been ill.

Dalton. You are right, my dear. Come, Fanny, a treaty of peace. *I* broke the vase. I confess my crime. You will allow me to send you another pair. Forgive me a moment's ill-temper. I am a little out of sorts this morning. I am rather anxious about a vessel, of the safe arrival of which at Liverpool I ought to have heard; and feel irritable in consequence.

Amy. Why don't you give up this horrid business, papa, and get rid of your anxieties? You would be much happier, I am sure, if you were not always thinking of those dreadful ships.

Dalton. Why, my little Amy? Because, in the first place, I should die of idleness if I had no business to occupy me; and, in the second, because cashmeres and pearls do not grow on young ladies like feathers on a bird.

Amy. Oh! I've plenty of pearls; and an unmarried young lady has no business with cashmeres.

Dalton. I hope my young lady will not be always an unmarried one.

Amy. I don't see much prospect of my changing my condition, papa.

Dalton. Why?

Amy. Shall I tell you why, at one and twenty, I am still Miss Dalton? Because I am rich.

Dalton. Because you are rich?

Amy. Yes. I wish my husband to be in love with me. Don't think I am romantic. You know I am rather matter-of-fact. I am made for home. For a quiet hum-drum life of three (for I should never leave you), a few friends now and then, and perhaps a ball on great occasions. Such a life is only possible with a husband who loves me. *Now,* whenever I hear a proposal, I fancy it is for the hand of my fortune. I feel like a picture in too fine a frame—a book in too splendid a binding; I am jealous of the gilding and the finery which is all, I know, that attracts what you call my admirers. They are not in love with me, but my purse. My money is my rival. I want to be rid of it. I want to be poor. All that my fortune has done for me is to have encouraged a crowd of calculating lovers, who care nothing for me: it may, for all I know, have kept back some one who might, perhaps—in fact, I want to silence this horrible jingle of gold which accompanies us wherever we go.

Dalton. When you are rich you are in happy ignorance why you are sought; when you are poor you know too well why you are avoided.

Amy. Well! If I am avoided, I can bear it—you are not sorry at the thought of my remaining a little longer with you, papa?

Dalton. I should perhaps at first be selfish enough to rejoice at the prospect of keeping you; but not for long, for you would suffer in the end, Amy. Don't defy poverty.

Amy. I don't defy—I invite it.

Dalton. Don't say so. Providence may take you at your word.

Amy. So be it.

Mrs. Sowerby. It is quite evident to me that you are in love with some poor man.

Amy. I am in love with no one.

Dalton. So much the better. Well! I must be off. By the way, Fanny, don't you expect your doctor to-day?

Mrs. Sowerby. Why? are you ill?

Dalton. He hears constantly from Gould, and may, perhaps, have some news for me. The fact is, I have reason just at present to distrust one of my agents, and Martin Gould is arranging some business on my behalf.

Mrs. Sowerby. Mr. Vaughan will be here in a quarter of an hour.

Dalton. I'll wait and see him. (*Goes to the chimney piece.*)

Mrs. Sowerby. Don't break the other vase.

(Dalton *sits and takes up newspaper).*

Amy. Papa, how is Mr. Vaughan related to Martin Gould?

Dalton. You ask me a question which I have put to myself in vain ever since I saw them together.

Mrs. Sowerby. I must beg you to recollect that Mr. Vaughan is a particular friend of mine, and that I cannot permit him to be attacked in my presence.

Dalton. I don't attack Mr. Vaughan: I merely say I don't know him.

Mrs. Sowerby. To my knowledge you have been acquainted with him for ten years at least.

Dalton. I have met him occasionally at Liverpool, as you or Amy have, at first as a boy at school, and then a student at the hospitals, who came to pass his vacations with Martin Gould. Further than that I have known, and do know, nothing about him.

Mrs. Sowerby. It is very clear that you believe there is something suspicious about him. It would be more open to say so at once. The best proof of there being nothing against the poor young man is the fact of your knowing nothing. I have no doubt you have cross-examined poor old Gould on the subject often enough.

Dalton. All I have heard from "poor old Gould" (who is, I believe, exactly six months your junior) is, that Vaughan has no relations; that he was confided to his care at an early age; and that he is deeply attached to his protégé.

Mrs. Sowerby. And the simple truth, no doubt. I can quite understand a childless man meeting a sweet, graceful, intelligent little angel—

Dalton. Young Vaughan was a sour, passionate, ill-conditioned little ruffian.

Mrs. Sowerby. Merely your coarse translation of a quick temper and exuberant spirits, I should imagine: the natural attributes of his age. Every one was not born at years of discretion like you. One thing is certain, monster as he may have been, Mr. Vaughan has grown up into a charming and accomplished young man.

Dalton. I have lost sight of him for the last year or two. Since he took to doctoring he has probably found our neighbourhood too healthy to be remunerative. Gould has certainly told me that his adopted son has improved wonderfully. I'm sure I trust, for both their sakes, that it may be so.

Mrs. Sowerby. As I have not lost sight of Mr. Vaughan at all, and for the last three months have seen him daily, my opinion might perhaps be considered as valuable as yours. That opinion is—

Dalton. We all know, my dear. Vaughan is one of your angels just now. All I can say is, that he was a young devil. My opinion of him, indeed, was such, that I seriously advised my old friend to ship him off to America.

Mrs. Sowerby. Very considerate of you, I'm sure.

Dalton. However, Gould refused to follow my advice. He wasn't his father—could not interfere with his prospects—and so on. *Not* being his father, it has always been a puzzle to me how he could persist in befriending so unpromising a young man. (*Looking at the clock*). Twelve o'clock! Your doctor doesn't reckon punctuality among his merits, Fanny. I must be off to Dudgeon without waiting to see him.

Mrs. Sowerby (under a vague impression that she has heard the name before). Dudgeon! Dudgeon! Wait a moment. (*Turns over the cards on the table, and discovers that she has made use of* Mr. Dudgeon's *pasteboard as a winder.)*

Dalton. Well?

Mrs. Sowerby. Upon my word, Charles, you are beyond everything. I shall have to unwind the whole of my wool.

Dalton. You are beginning to abuse the plaintiff's attorney. What injury have you done me?

Mrs. Sowerby. Really, in my weak state of health, you are almost too much for me.

Dalton. Dudgeon has been here!

Mrs. Sowerby (unwinding her wool). If you persist in confusing me, first with inquiries about a letter from Liverpool, and then with questions about a man from London, you can't wonder at mistakes occurring. If you had chosen to say, without equivocation, "I expect Mr. Dudgeon," I should have known what to be about. Of course he has been here.

Dalton. And I was never told a word about it!

Mrs. Sowerby (still unwinding her wool). He left his card, with some nonsense in pencil on the back.

Dalton. Where is it?

Mrs. Sowerby (extricating the card and giving it). Here.

Dalton (reads). "Until twelve o'clock." Too late! However, I must go on the chance.

Enter Servant.

Servant. The doctor, ma'am.

Dalton. I hope the doctor will cure you of your forgetfulness.

Mrs. Sowerby. You had better consult him for your impertinence.

Dalton (to VAUGHAN, *who enters).* How d 'ye do, Vaughan? Heard from Martin lately?

Vaughan. Not for some time.

Dalton. Excuse my running away on your arrival, but I have pressing business. I shall see you on my return. Good day. [*Exit.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHANGE FOR A SHILLING.

THE males clustering at the street corners and lounging on the doorsteps of George-street, and loafing about the dirty little public-houses in that neighbourhood abounding, are not exclusively composed of the lees and scum of the metropolis. Amongst the outcast and the miserable and the destitute may now be seen a few heavy brown faces, overshadowed by the "billycock" of the genuine countryman, and the atmosphere seems all the sweeter for this sprinkling of rustic salt. The early ingetting of the corn harvest has cast out of work those peaceful reapers, Hodge and Giles, and nothing better offering, they are willing to exchange the sickle for the sword, and learn the trade of mowing down men.

It is amongst these "young men from the country" that the recruiting sergeants are busiest. It is seldom that they exercise their persuasive powers on individuals who are London bred. They are too wide awake, and the "chaff" with which country birds may be caught has for them no sort of attraction. Moreover, town-bred birds of the kind—that is, who are inclined to exchange the plumage of the draggle-tail gutter sparrow for that of the military redbreast—come to George-street in such flocks that, cheap as "blarney" is, there is not the least need to waste it on them. In Black Boarmews, close at hand, there are several extensive stable dunghills, and hereabouts these poor birds of a feather literally flock together, unmolested by the police; and any hour of the day, lacking richer game, the recruiting officer may cast his net, and make a haul of a score of but too willing captives.

But the countryman needs coaxing, and he is worth coaxing. Men of his height, and breadth, and healthiness of lungs, are at a premium just now, and there is no limit to the lies the recruiting officer will invent in order to catch him. It may not be unseasonable, therefore, to set before the innocent in question a true picture of soldier life in barracks, so that before he takes the incurable step he may ponder it, and resolve how it will suit him.

First of all, as to the preliminaries. No matter the amount of blandishment that is required to bring the intending recruit to the scratch, as it is called, the following ceremony must be gone through before even he is qualified to attend before the army medical inspector, who will pronounce judgment as to his physical fitness. The sergeant produces a shilling, a "new" shilling, and the recruit holds his hand under it. Then the officer inquires, "Are you married? Are you an apprentice? Have you ever before served the Queen, either in the army or navy? Have you any ailment that, to your knowledge, will prevent your service as a soldier? Have you ever been marked with the letter 'D,' or been cupped to obliterate the letter?" And if all these questions are satisfactorily answered, then says the recruiting officer, "I enlist you in Her Majesty's Regiment of ——," and the shilling is dropped into the willing hand.

But the officer does not immediately lose sight of his man. He proceeds to fill up an official form referring to the enrolment, which likewise bears on its face the cheering intimation that the recipient is now in the Queen's pay, and is required to present himself next day for medical inspection, or, failing, he will be apprehended and sent to prison as a rogue and vagabond. The medical ordeal passed, the recipient receives his soldier's pay due to him from the time of his enlistment, together with the extra sum of fourpence to pay for a night's lodging.

But the business is not settled yet. The military authorities are so far humane and considerate as to give the recruit time for reflection—24 hours from the time when the shilling is accepted. The recruit cannot be taken before a magistrate to be "sworn in" until the 24 hours have elapsed, and, meanwhile, should he repent, and if he has about him, or his friends are able to muster the sum of £1 in addition to the binding shilling, he may claim his discharge. Supposing the recruit to be in earnest, however, he takes the necessary oaths before a magistrate, and he then is entitled to the sum of seven-and-sixpence, and is turned over to the colour-sergeant of the regiment to which he belongs.

Now, indeed, the feet of the recruit are fairly planted in the path that leads to martial glory, but he does not immediately moult his civilian plumage in favour of the Queen's livery. He is allowed time—two or three days—to make himself acquainted with the jollity of a military existence, which is bounded only by his seven-and-sixpence in ready money, or rather by the quantity of beer the handy sum will purchase for the delectation of newly-found chums, who are ready to swear—pewter pot in hand—that they will ever stand by their new comrade in peace or in war. The precious seven-and-sixpence expended, the newly-made soldier would often enough be not unwilling to replenish his purse by the sale of his now useless coat or jacket; but this is against "regulations." There is a regular and recognised contractor for the cast-off clothing of recruits, an old clo' man of the genuine breed, who, it is said, makes a pretty penny out of his customers by compulsion.

In good time the budding soldier receives his "kit," and here annexed are the articles that comprise it:—Three shirts, three pairs of socks, two towels, two pairs of boots, one pair of leather leggings, two pairs of trowsers, one for winter and one for summer, one pair of braces, a tunic, a jacket, and a knapsack to keep all in. Besides these he is provided with the following essentials to cleanliness:—Shaving tackle, shoe brushes, a hair comb, a clothes brush, and a box of blacking.

With this very liberal allowance he is set up without a penny cost to himself; but he is mistaken if he imagines that those who are set in authority over him will always exhibit the same amount of generosity. He is not to suppose that the handsome wage of fourteen pence a-day are given him so that he may buy food with, and luxuries with the remainder. Every year he will have served out to him from the store two pairs of boots, one tunic, and one pair of winter trowsers; and every second year a new pair of summer trowsers will be his; but for everything else—for his shirts, and his socks, and his caps, and his towels, and half-a-dozen other necessary articles—he must pay out of his daily allowance. Nor is this all: out of the modest sum at his disposal the private soldier is called on to pay for the washing of his socks, and his shirts, &c., and the sheets of his bed; there is a library, and he must contribute a penny a-month to its maintenance. He must pay for the cutting of his hair. Reading room expenses will cost him fourpence a-month. Crockery and such like fragile goods, supplied for the general use and accidentally broken, must be replaced, and this runs away with another twopence a-month. Trifling sums these, but when it is considered that the soldier's pay is but a little over thirty-five shillings a-month they make a somewhat alarming difference in his cash account.

Indeed, it would be impossible for him to make "both ends meet," as the saying is, but for the economical and excellent arrangement that prevails as regards his food. All of us can bear witness to the sleek and well-fed condition of our soldier; his ability to bear heavy marching fatigue with a load of half-a-hundred weight burdening his shoulders sufficiently attests it; and all that his three ample and wholesome meals cost him is *eightpence* a day. For 4½d. he may buy of the Government contractor sufficient bread and meat for the day's consumption, and the remaining 3½d. will supply his want of vegetables, and tea and coffee and sugar. And after all, after he has paid for his breakfast, and his dinner, and his supper, after he has discharged his laundry account, and bought him pomatum for his moustache, and blacking for his boots, he has an entire fourpenny-piece handed to him day by day, and with scrupulous punctuality, so that he may go about the town and enjoy himself, the admiration of the fair sex, and the envy of tame, spiritless civilians.

This is so long as he remains in health. Should he fall sick he will find hospital diet come dear. And this is only as it should be, were it only as a check and some sort of punishment for those men who find their way into hospital with such vicious celerity. Hospital food costs the sick soldier 10d. a-day. Should the soldier through his evil behaviour qualify himself for a prison he gets no pay at all, but the governor of the goal in which he is incarcerated is allowed sixpence a-day for his keep, and if you take his opinion I have no doubt that he would be found much to prefer county limbo to military. Regimental prison discipline is terribly severe. The "hard labour," which consists of "shot drill," *i.e.*, carrying a heavy cannon ball from one end of the drill yard to the other, and only pausing long enough to set it down and take it up again; and "pack drill," which is a punishment of a somewhat lighter order, and consists of marching to and fro for nine hours a-day with a complete kit strapped to the back. The food of the inmate of a military prison is by no means likely to attract the skulker. For breakfast a pint of gruel, 12 ounces of bread and half-a-pint of milk at dinner time, and about half the quantity named for supper. However, our intending recruit may safely leave these last-mentioned disagreeables out of the picture if he is a decently-behaved fellow; it is only the *very* bad ones who come in for prison treatment.

The man who sets his mind on soldiering must not object to a little "mollying," as the vulgar saying is; strictly private, of course, but it will happen—must happen. He is always liable to be told off as "orderly," and in that event he will have to perform the part of maid-of-all-work in behalf of his comrades. He will have to draw the rations, and keep the room clean, and sweep and scrub. He will have to prepare breakfast, and wash up the crockery. At all times the soldier must be his own bed maker. Each man has an iron cot to himself, and a mattress stuffed with hay, two blankets, two sheets, and a rug. Every three months he will get clean blankets, and every month clean sheets. He will have to turn out of bed at six in the morning; he will breakfast at eight, dine at one, take tea at half-past four. After that, unless special duty interferes, he may go where he likes, and make the most of his fourpence till "tatoo" is beat, generally at half-past nine.

From the above sketch the man who thinks of turning soldier may gather a tolerably correct idea of what his domestic existence will be. If some of the inconveniences of military life have escaped mention, so have some of its advantages—advantages that stand out attractively against the monotonous mill-horse existence endured by tens of thousands of our most worthy mechanics and handicraftsmen. Of course this description applies to the soldiers' stay-at-home life only. Should ill luck send him to the wars, he will probably discover hardships for which his soldierly training has not quite prepared him; but he has comforts that the pound-a-week tailor, to say nothing of the nine-shillings-a-week agricultural labourer, knows nothing of. He has a certain home, and no rent to pay; his food is guaranteed, as are his wages, such as they are. He has always a great coat in cold weather, and a jolly fire to sit by when he comes off duty of winter evenings. He has an excellent library to choose his reading from. Usually he is able to indulge in all manner of manly games, including cricket, &c. Should he fall sick, the best and most speedy measures will be taken to ensure his recovery. If he shows himself a sober and willing man, his promotion in some degree is certain; and it should be borne in mind that a little promotion means a considerable "rise" as regards position and comfort. Should he creditably serve the full term of his enlistment he will receive a shilling a-day, which, in these close-fisted times, is a pension by no means to be despised.

Considering all these various advantages attaching to a military career, we are by no means sure that Hodge, late corn-reaper at two shillings a-day, will much damage his prospects by accepting the Queen's shilling.

FUN OF THE DAY.

(From *Punch and Judy.*)

TO TOURISTS.—According to an advertisement, the bathing season at Spa, Belgium, is not likely to be affected in any way by the war. That is to say, you won't get let into a fight if you only go to Spa(r).

CONUNDRUM (by a wretch).—What is the difference between a dumb woman and a silent sewing machine? We give it up.

NO JOKE.—Ever since the poor rhinoceros at the Zoo broke off his horn he has been quite light-headed.

MUCH LESS.—Jew tradesmen in the present day care less for Moses than the *Profits*.

THE GROUND OF INSANITY.—The battle field.

(From *Fun.*)

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA.—Tinned meats are now plentifully imported; the perfection of this branch of industry will be arrived at when we can get the meat *without* the tin.

FAT-UOUS.—It is a fact, not easily accounted for, that at parties—after supper—the guests begin to grow thin.

FIZZ! POP! BANG!—An examination into the composition of champagne can hardly be described as a fizz-iological inquiry

DEAD-ALIVE.—A country contemporary in speaking of a recent thunderstorm said, "several cattle were killed, but fortunately no lives lost." We trust the inspectors were on the look out for consignments to Smithfield from our friend's district. If the cattle were alive after being killed, the meat must most certainly have been unfit for human consumption.

(From *Will o'-the-Wisp.*)

How to make observations.—Speak.

Why ought a lady-killer to be a good cricketer?—Beeause he bowls *so many a maiden over*.

Beyond the powers of the most inveterate smoker.—A pipe of wine.

A senseless proceeding.—To break a journey by a night's rest, and then to start in your sleep.

(From the *Tomahawk.*)

WARS AND WORSE.—The most appropriate luggage that travellers in France and Germany can take with them.—Packs (*pax*).

It is said that, under existing circumstances, the French have determined upon a revision of their table of relationships. Will they begin by abolishing the Cousin *German*.

(From *Judy.*)

A CASE OF ALIBI.—Plain-spoken doctor.—The child's poisoned, ma'am—you've been drugging it to death, that's all!

Mamma (in society).—Bless the man, how he talks! Why I haven't even seen the child for more than a week! How *could* I drug it?

A LONG JOURNEY.—Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?—I hope so, my dear.

And nurse?—I hope so. She's a good woman, and all good people go to heaven.

Then, please, may I go to the dogs with papa? He says he's going there, and it will be so much nicer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Josephus.—We hope to do so next week.

M. (Liverpool).—Yes: by applying to Messrs. W. H. Smith, Strand.

Q.—The mace rather. We cannot help you to pocket your adversary.

Cœur de Lion.—Calve's liver!

J. W. Marley.—Yes, but it is, we believe, confined to the East Indies. At least, we never heard of a case in any other country.

R. S. V. P.—Here it is then:—No.

Mark Cock.—With pleasure. But why exclude the hen? Let us add the lady, and inwardly digest both.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Gaiety.—Ballet—Peter Spyk—Dolly—Trombalcazar. Seven.

Olympic.—Old Gooseberry—Little Emily—Undine. Seven.

Strand.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love. Half-past Seven.

New Queen's.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

Vaudeville.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

It is already announced by an agency concerned in the arrangement of English tours abroad that the Rhine is open to travellers, and that pleasure trips along the upper reaches of the river may be safely resumed. Certainly it would not have been anticipated a few weeks ago that the ordinary navigation of the stream would be re-established by the flow of the war westward; but the prize of the campaign has now been all but forgotten in the advent of new anxieties, and the expectations which were discussed at the beginning of all things concerning the events then thought likely to take place along its banks, seem almost as obsolete now as questions connected with Prince Leopold and the Spanish Throne. While the Prussians have been defying the world to rob them of the free, the German Rhine, and while Frenchmen have been boastfully repeating De Musset's verses, and declaring that the old river, once theirs in former times, should be theirs again, a third claimant has stepped in and seized on the coveted waters. The British tourist has taken posession of it—*d r freuen Deutschen Rhein*. It is for him that the girls of whom the French poet speaks have reserved the vintage white, they were ever blithe to pour. Well, it was not to be expected that he would long be kept out of any place by such a trifling obstacle as a war. But in reference to one contingency to which his irrepressibility subjects him he ought to receive, before setting out on his travels, a clear and distinct warning. Many letters that have recently made their appearance in the papers have shown that even on the agonised excitement of France at this crisis in her history mere excursionists have had the questionable taste to intrude, and have had the simplicity to imagine that the magic charms of their bad pronunciation would bear them harmless through all the perils they might encounter. When they have been arrested on suspicion through having gone out without their passports, or from some other intelligible reason, they have been very indignant, and have evidently imagined that the violation of their neutrality ought to be taken up by the English Government as hotly as it might be disposed to resent an incursion across the Belgian frontier. On this point all intending tourists to the Continent should be properly enlightened before they start. In France and Germany just now, if they will travel for insufficient motives, they must certainly travel at their own risk.

The interest which everything in connection with the war excites is being turned to account by some of those idle vagabonds who perform the part of cripples in the street in order to earn a penny. One of the tribe was seen in South London exibiting an arm-stump and wearing a legend on his breast attributing the loss of the limb to the fortune of war in the battle of Forbach. The warrior did not venture to particularise the regiment in which he had served, nor did he attempt to give a dramatic colouring to his mishap by speaking in a foreign tongue. He deserves some credit for audacity, but a spectacle of the kind unpleasantly gauges the amount of ignorant credulity which exists in certain classes of the population. Shallow knaves and impostors parade our streets more like marauders than mendicants, bawling to the passers-by and to the windows for coppers, and croaking lugubrious chants, supposed to be justified by the display of an armless sleeve or a wooden leg. A famous trio regularly work the West-end, a mournful and pious corps, each member of which stands as a fowl sleeps, and all in verses recite the accident which has deprived them of normal means of locomotion. Our police seem to be touched to the heart by the sight of the poor fellows who never gamble, or obstruct the pavement by endeavouring to sell goods from a barrow. It is rather too bad, however, that the brave German or French soldiers should be caricatured by the descendants of our sham-Abraham men; and we trust that the public in every district will consider the scoundrels labelled with a paraphrase of the announcement which Mr. Vincent Crummles put forth, in a Sunday newspaper, when he stated that he was *not* a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea.

The pleasures of driving in a postchaise have been enumerated by Dr. Johnson, and judging from the number of members and the appointments of the Four-in-Hand Club it would seem that the taste for vehicular pursuits has not much fallen off. A case heard before Mr. Woolrych on Saturday leads us to infer that a passion for handling the ribbons has increased amongst that class of young gentlemen who used formerly to be described as "sparks" and "gay fellows." A Hansom was seized upon by a person to whom it did not belong the other night and trotted about until the horse nearly fell from exhaustion. To make matters worse, the cab contained the properties of a music-hall cantatrice, who had left them in charge of the legitimate pilot of the vehicle. It came out in evidence that "for some time past cab proprietors had suffered considerably from such a system as that adopted by prisoner. A regular gang of parties calling themselves gentlemen indulged in such midnight drives, and sometimes cabs and horses had been lost. Several cases of the kind had taken place at the West-end in the past few days, and it was highly necessary to put a stop to it." No doubt a stop ought to be put to it; but, may we ask, where are the cabmen when their Hansoms are stolen? Are they inveigled from their lofty perches to which a member of the gang springs, and snatching the reins, dashes off for his midnight frolic until he wearies of the sport, and abandons the two-wheeler to its fate? Or is the licensed driver boozing at the bar of a pot-house, leaving his cab as an obstruction in the roadway? The temptation which the latter circumstance places before a weak and fuddled mind probably accounts for the rape of the cab above referred to, which could scarcely have developed into a system under any other conditions.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue have notified their intention of enforcing the full penalties against all persons detected sporting without a game certificate. A 10*s*. gun licence will not authorise the holder to kill game, and some misconception exists that rabbits may be taken by the new gun licence. The necessary qualification to take or kill game is a certificate, which is 3*l*. for the whole season. Partridges may be killed by qualified persons on and after September 1st, pheasants on and after October 1st, up to February 1st. Hares and rabbits are not protected by any specified period, but are within the category of game, and snipe, landrail, and woodcock are also within the definition of game. All licences are to expire on the 5th of April. The penalty for killing game or sporting without a certificate is 20*l*., and double the cost of a game licence.

London Lyrics.

No. 36.

I.

Hast thou forgotten? Once again we meet,
A kindly greeting, and a heart estranged:
I dare not hope for more—and yet 'tis sweet
For one brief hour to dream thou art unchanged.

II.

Hast thou forgotten? Have I still a part
In any thought of thine that draws us near?
A lowly place, but somewhere in thy heart
Among those memories which once were dear?

III.

Hast thou forgotten? or are there still hours
When hopes revive, perhaps against thy will,
And withered joys grow sweet again—as flowers,
Though crushed and dead, will yield a fragrance still?

IV.

When some chance look, some unconsider'd word,
Recalls remembrances beyond control,
When some stray touch awakes an answering chord
Of long-forgotten music in thy soul.

V.

When time, and space, and reason overleapt—
The current of thy mind so turns within,
That dreams grow living things, forms rise that slept,
And all once more is as it once hath been!

VI.

Hast thou forgotten? Hast thou stilled the voice,
Lived down the sorrow that disturbed thy breast?
I think that I could bear it, and rejoice
The heart I once had troubled was at rest.

VII.

Hast thou forgotten? Nay, I dare not hear,
Be silent still, and let me dream it yet:
Enough for me to know that thou art near,
And if thine can, my heart cannot forget!

The Grumbler.

"Well, Mr. Growler, your great hero has been taken down a peg or two, and France don't look quite so formidable a neighbour as you used to try to make us believe." This, bear in mind, was addressed to me by little Biggens, in the smoking-room of our club, the other evening. Biggens—or, as every one calls him, "Little Biggens"—is junior partner in that respectable firm of Bung, Biggens, Yeast, & Co., the great brewers at Little Poormansworth. Personally, I have not the highest opinion either of his manners, means, or mind: the first—if he ever had any—were bad, I am convinced; the second, limited to great expectations, I am pretty certain he has long since dissipated; the third, I am positive he never had any. However, this by parenthesis. "Your friend, the Emperor has made a pretty hash of it. Bezaine is regularly stumped, and MacMahon caught out running. As to Paris, my *guvenor* says you can buy land for merely the price of the transfer stamps." "Oh, does he?" "Yes: and what's more, I'll lay you ten to one that, before the first of October, the Emperor is coming over here, and has his hunting shed at Leamington." "You think so?" "I'm certain of it." "Bravo, Biggens; and I'll go you half the bet,"—bawls out Larkins, while puffing a cigar as long as Little Biggens himself. Larkins, you know, is the son of old General Larkins, who defended the fort of Rumnaggur during the Mutiny; and, besides, being a clerk in the Sealing Wax Office at Somerset House, with a salary of 90*l*. a-year, is a full Ensign in the Tilbery Fort Terribles—a regiment of Volunteers that greatly distinguished itself, when it turned the flank of the frightful smell at Barking Creek. "Why don't you take 'em, Growler?" exclaims Charlie Cackle—the fellow who did the part of Richelieu so well in the Putney Private Theatricals, and who is second son of Old Cackle, Q.C. "I'll tell you what it is, Growler, you've made a sad

mistake—been backing the wrong horse all through the race—and the Prussians will blow Paris into a Faubourg before a fortnight," adds Jawkins, a fellow who lives by his wits, and having no relations or occupation, got into our Club by being proposed by Larkins, who owed him 200*l.*—a long outstanding pool account—and seconded by Parsons, who is on the committee, and whose bill he got Short Street, Quick & Co. to hold over till after the Leger. It was not the first time I had been chaffed in the smoking room of our Club, but somehow or other I was determined it should if possible be the last, so addressing myself to the aforesaid four above-named, and particularly described members, I addressed them thus :—"Now my good lads, look here, you are remarkably fine-looking men—barring our good friend Biggens, whose heart, however, I feel convinced, to use a broken metaphor, is bigger than his person—you are all, I say, a remarkably fine set of young fellows, and such that any man might be proud of walking down Rotten Row or along Bond Street with at any hour, but this I must add, your opinions on any subject are not worth much : your opinions upon France worth nothing : and your opinions of the French Emperor beneath contempt." "Bravo, Growler!" from the quartette. "I thank you very much, gentlemen, for your just appreciation of my opinions, but if you only knew my private ones of what yours are worth, you might not perhaps be quite so vociferous. However, may I venture to urge a small bit of advice to one and all of you, and that is :—Firstly, do not mistake your several missions —don't undertake work that does not belong to you. The criticising a campaign like that that the French have entered upon is just so much above your capacities as the Standard of the Life Guards is above our friend Biggens (who by the bye is just under 4ft. 11in.). Your measurement of the French Emperor will be at best but a slop-seller's fit to a suit from Poole's—so do, I beg of you one and all, shut up, and talk about what you do understand, if by chance there is any one thing you are really up in." I thought this a settler, but it wasn't, for Larkins came to the front with a bold personal attack—hoping to shut up the Grumbler in Metz for ever. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Growler, you make a sad mistake about England; all the press throughout the whole country are for the Prussians; it is no use winking or blinking the fact." "And what is more," adds Cackle, "they're winning in a hand canter." "Yes, and that, I fear, is why you are so bold and ready with your criticisms; but do let me urge upon you, once and for all, to remember you are not Moltkes, and though you don't know the reason why MacMahon has retired from Chalons, and abandoned Rheims, you may safely take your oaths that *he* does. If Marshal Bazaine is still hemmed in Metz, your abilities, plans, nor suppositions, won't ever put him out; and if the Emperor, when he manifested and proved for so many years a great and powerful friendship for England and the English, had relied upon the generous sympathy of our country and countrymen, you would not be just exactly the type he cared to please, or have the opinion of. So once and for all, if you can try and remember there are such things as great men—nay, great nations, in temporary difficulties, but who often surmount them, and who never after have the time even to waste upon the recollections of their detractors. Gentlemen—nay, my good friends, don't be quite so German—be more yourselves. If you can, attend a little more to your individual pursuits. Here, Cackle, will you have a cigar? and Biggens, remember Horace—and when you go to bed, make a resolution to turn over a new leaf—leave France alone, stick to the grains, and in a few years you will admit there is no wiser adage than—

'Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.'"

The Tyne Champion Crew, Messrs. James Taylor, Thomas Winship, John Martin, and James Renforth (stroke), who have undertaken the journey to America to uphold the honour of their native river in an international four-oared match on the Lachine, on the 15th of September next, for £1000, with the St. John's or Paris crew, have arrived safely in Quebec, and are in excellent health and spirits, having thoroughly enjoyed their run across the Atlantic.

The Man in the Stalls.

AFTER a short recess, the Gaiety re-opened on Monday evening with considerable changes, both in the company and the entertainments provided. Ballet and comic opera, which have always been important elements in the Gaiety programme, still retain their place; but the vocal strength of the company is greatly increased, and music promises to be a still more prominent feature during the Autumnal season. Mr. Santley will shortly make his appearance here; and Mr. Henry Haigh and Miss Julia Matthews will also commence an engagement here, on Monday next, in Offenbach's comic opera *Blue Beard*, which has recently been performed in the original French by Mdlle Schneider and her supporters at the Princess's. Meanwhile Madame Florence Lancia and Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Aynsley Cook, and J. D. Stoyle are already added to the company, and are supported by Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrin, and other singers, already well known to Gaiety audiences. With such performers, aided by the exceptionally strong orchestra of this theatre, under the direction of Mr. Meyer Lutz, it is evident that comic opera may be cultivated with more success than has attended some recent efforts. It is, we believe, a maxim with managers that opera will attract audiences when the thermometer forbids every other kind of dramatic entertainment. As a corroboration of this view we may note that the re-opening of the Gaiety, on Monday, drew together an audience which appeared to leave no vacant space in any part of the theatre. Adolphe Adam's *La Poupée de Nuremberg* produced under the title of *Dolly*, furnishes Madame Lancia and Mr. Cummings with some light and pleasant music; but the selection of this operetta for their first appearance is certainly not a happy one; the story being rather childish, and, divorced from the reckless fun of the French stage, scarcely intelligible. On the other hand a version of M. Offenbach's *Trombalcazar*, produced at a later hour in the evening, has the advantage of a really humorous plot, and, if less musical, certainly proved more amusing to the audience. The extravaganza was, we believe, one of the earliest of those productions of M. Offenbach, which Mdlle Schneider contributed so much to make popular, but the original has undergone considerable modifications: melodies and concerted pieces from other sources being introduced, with the addition of a ballet, in which Mdlle Carle and Herr Charles Carle, two dancers of some celebrity in America, take a prominent part. A "ballet of action," entitled *La Dame aux Camellias*, also forms part of the programme.

A one-act comedy in the midst of all these operatic and saltatory entertainments necessarily presents rather a forlorn appearance in the bills, but the performance of *Peter Spyk*, an old comedietta of Mr. Planché's with a new title, served to introduce to the audience an American actor of decidedly original powers hitherto unknown in this country. Mr. Morris is described as "the celebrated Anglo-Dutch comedian," which means, we presume, merely that he makes the performance of Dutchmen who speak broken English a spécialité. Be that as it may, his acting in the part of Peter Spyk has an artistic finish and withal a freshness about it which at once laid hold of the sympathies of the audience. The Dutch farmer's general slowness of intellect struggling for expression in a language with which he is but imperfectly acquainted—his tendency to deep reflection upon trifling matters, with his occasional flashes of worldly shrewdness—are pourtrayed by Mr. Morris with a quiet power altogether his own. The part appears to have been elaborated by him with great care; much of its peculiar humour lying in expression of features. It seems to be conceded that a foreigner on the stage, even though the scene of the play may be laid in his own country, may be allowed to speak broken English. A more remarkable conventionalism is the fact that, while he thus labours to express himself in a tongue not his own, all the other characters are permitted to display a perfect command of the English tongue. Audiences, however, are practically little sensible of these anomalies; and any way, Mr. Morris's close study of the peculiarities of Dutchmen's English is in itself thoroughly amusing. His "Anglo-Duchman" would be welcome, if for no other reason, as a relief from the monotony of the ordinary stage foreigner, who is almost always a Frenchman: but its merits go a great way further than this. There is nothing tricky in the performance. Its humour is refined—at times even subtle; and the laughter which it provokes is always honestly won. All who take interest in dramatic art should see Mr. Morris's Dutchman.

Mr. David Fisher takes his benefit at the Olympic on Monday next, the 29th inst. The pieces performed will be *Little Em'ly*, a drama based upon Dickens's tale of "David Copperfield," in which Mr. Fisher will appear as Mr. Micawber; and three scenes from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, in which the *beneficiaire* will personate Falstaff. Supported by able coadjutors, the wit and humour of the great dramatist will be admirably presented.

On Tuesday night there was a grand display of fireworks at the Crystal Palace. These displays have not been uncommon of late; but on Tuesday night a special feature was introduced—a representation of the blowing up of the Bridge of Kehl by the Prussians; and as everything relating to the great war now raging on the continent of Europe is of absorbing interest, this proved a great attraction, and thousands were present to witness it. There was an excellent representation of the bridge on fire. The arch at the Prussian end was blown up and destroyed, and it was curious to see the interest with which this process was watched by the spectators, who gazed at it with apparently as much curiosity as if they were really beholding one of the incidents of the war. The display in other respects was very effective, the two water temples being lit up, and the great fountain jets, in full play, being beautifully illuminated.

STUPENDOUS MAP.

SOME enterprising gentlemen have prepared a map, on the magnificent scale of 40 feet by 40, of the scene of the seat of war, and it is now exhibiting in the Dudley Gallery at the Egyptian Hall. Spread horizontally, it is viewed from a gallery raised only a few feet from the ground, and we thus get a bird's-eye view of the whole of the country occupied by the armies. The embattled hosts are indicated by numerous lilliputian figures—horse, foot, artillery, waggons, &c. Flags of the nations show the fortresses; crimson discs are indices to the battle-fields. The whole thing is admirably indicated and described in a very happy manner by gentlemen who have familiarised themselves with the country and the story of the war. The exhibition is open the whole day, so that people can drop in when they like, and take a survey of the scenes of operations.

THE WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, although still far from being complete, and although the daily arrival of fresh material calls for frequent modification of the arrangements, has yet made such progress that we may fairly commence giving some description of the contents of the building, and may form some idea of the degree in which the whole undertaking is likely to fulfil the objects aimed at by its promoters. These are mainly to furnish opportunities of fair comparison between English and foreign labour, and to give to individual workmen credit which rightly belongs to them, but which has hitherto been generally monopolised by their employers.

The Agricultural Hall has now been the scene of so many Exhibitions of an attractive character that its size and form are well known to the public. The organ, and the unfortunate orchestra that was not allowed to be used on the opening day, are erected at the eastern or High-street end of the building, just clear of the gallery, and a spectator will obtain the best *coup d'œil* by going to the western gallery, opposite the organ, and looking down into the body of the hall below. From this point it will be seen that the various cases and objects are arranged in almost parallel lines from west to east, the passage ways between them marking to some extent a division of objects into classes; and that the transverse passage spaces serve to some extent to mark out nationalities. There are only six French exhibitors, and the representation of other nations is by no means complete. Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, and India have all sent large and valuable contributions, the last-named country chiefly as a result of the exertions of Dr. Forbes Watson with the Government of Bombay. Würtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, the United States, and Spain have each a very few articles; and consignments have been received from Peru and from Rio Grande. Objects of especial interest are placed nearly in the middle line of the building from east to west, without regard to classification; but objects of a more ordinary character are classified as far as possible. The classes are 16 in number, and are:—I., inventions; II., objects for workshop competitions; III., machinery; IV., objects of decorative art; V., furniture; VI., ornamental metal-work; VII., glass and china; VIII., building appliances; IX., fancy work; X., articles for personal and domestic use; XI., cutlery and arms; XII., scientific apparatus; XIII., watches; XIV., saddlery and miscellaneous leather work; XV., textile fabrics; and XVI., food, raw materials, and miscellaneous articles. Besides all this there is a so-called Fine Art department, consisting partly of a loan collection, and partly of the works of individual exhibitors.

The general arrangement is, as nearly as possible, this:—Inventions, machinery, and machinery in motion are placed on the ground floor under the north gallery. Next to them are arranged cutlery and arms, then furniture, then ornamental metal-work, then china and glass, then building appliances, scientific appliances, and personal and domestic requisites. Many things are detached from what would be their proper places on account of their size, of the light they require, or of their deficiency in attractiveness, and the curious explorer will frequently be rewarded by unexpected discoveries in all parts of the building.

As seen from the western gallery, the general effect

is extremely pleasing, and in the daytime the hall has never been so filled as to diminish the picturesqueness of the scene. At night, however, the cheap admission has attracted great crowds of people, and the smaller objects on the ground floor have been almost concealed from view.

The Executive Committee have from the beginning had to contend with great difficulties, and to acquire much knowledge by experience. Their determination to have the names of actual workmen attached to the objects exhibited created at first much avowed opposition on the part of certain firms who wished to contribute to the show; and, when this open opposition was overcome, the feeling that had prompted it was still displayed in less open forms. Many firms obtained admission for their goods under a promise to send the names of the workmen in time for them to appear in the catalogue, and some of these firms have in every way striven to evade the fulfilment of their pledge. It has been arranged, however, that all exhibits to which this statement applies shall be withheld from the consideration of the juries, so that no certificate or other testimony of merit will be awarded to them; and it may be hoped that this decision will in most cases extract the necessary information. Other exhibitors have obtained space simply with a view to the sale of their wares, and at one or two parts of the building the shop-keeping element has cropped up in sufficient vigour to be a nuisance, and visitors are importuned to buy various kinds of trumpery with a pertinacity that interferes with the leisurely and comfortable inspection of other things in the vicinity. By the time the arrangement is complete and the new catalogue issued the Committee will, doubtless, have put a stop to this misuse of the Exhibition, and will also have carried out some other reforms in matters of detail, of the necessity for which they are quite aware.

As far as we can understand, although here and there some objects might be said to be concealed rather than exhibited, nothing offered to the Committee has been absolutely rejected. It follows that the collection comprises, among much that is beautiful, useful, and ingenious, and among a few master-pieces of skill and industry, a strange medley of bizarre contrivances and of works that show nothing but a lamentable waste of time and perseverance.

In the class of inventions, it would not be unfair to describe the things exhibited as being chiefly trivialities, some of which are ingenious, and some only grotesque. The number of exhibits is small, scarcely exceeding 100, and it is a notable illustration of a danger that is felt to press upon the working classes that there are among these no less than six different fire escapes. At least two inventors have displayed their skill and resource in the arrangement of instruments for the promotion of early rising. These contrivances are made to display, at a previously determined hour, almost every possible kind of matutinal activity. One of them fires a pistol to arouse the sleeper, strikes a match, lights a lamp which boils water for breakfast, and rings a bell to announce when the boiling point is reached. Among other odd things must be noticed a case containing several specimens of a newly-invented umbrella, the peculiarity of which is that the silk and the ribs are made to take off and to shut up within their own stick, which then assumes the appearance of a somewhat clumsy walking-stick, or of an air-gun with an unnatural swelling near the top. The merit that is claimed is for the "combination" of a walking-stick with an umbrella, and it does not seem to have occurred to the maker, who must have expended much money and time upon his work, that an ordinary umbrella is itself a very passable walking-stick, and that the time required for "fixing" his invention would allow its possessor to be drenched to the skin by a sudden shower. Many of the things shown are so imperfectly described that it is impossible to ascertain their exact nature or purpose, or the means by which the purpose is to be fulfilled. In these days of robberies from pillar letter-boxes we turned with interest to the model of an improved letter-box said to be calculated to render such robberies impossible; but the mechanism of the contrivance is still a secret from us. Neither can we give any account of the means by which another invention is to prevent the escape of gas from chandeliers when the water has evaporated. In these cases we have found the labels not only insufficient, but in some others they were distinctly misleading. Thus, a very ingenious shoemaker's bench so contrived that the workman may stand at his labour, instead of sitting bent double upon a bench, has been described by the exhibitor as "an instrument for doing away with sitting down." There are probably few people who would readily discover the uses of an "Udareston, or self-cleansing pure air-fed cistern;" and there are many who would be in the dark with regard to an "improved transplanter." It is probable that an "improved director" for Hansom cabs has been invented by some one not accustomed to use those useful vehicles, and consequently not aware of the facility with which they may be directed by a walking-stick or an umbrella. And so, in glancing over the entire list, we find very few inventions that at once commend themselves to notice. If all tales be true, "a dish to prevent dishonest bakers from purloining" would put a stop to the improper diminution of many a Sunday's dinner; but this distinct practicality is a somewhat rare feature. We must single out for special remark and commendation an invention by George Sweetser, which would have been better placed among the machinery, and which is, indeed, a machine of some elaborateness for doing joiners' work; but we are compelled to say of most of the other exhibits in the class that they are either mere crotchets or elaborate contrivances for doing something that can be done better and more easily in common ways, or at best devices for meeting some small mechanical difficulty. They do not, as a rule, display either any judicious direction of power, or any very complete study of the conditions of the problems which they profess to solve.

We must reserve what we have to say, with reference to the other classes, until another opportunity.

The Turf.

YORK, true to its traditions, brought together a large company of pleasure-seekers and professionals, the usual upsets of public form, and its Leger novelties. With "Our Special Correspondents" all at sea, we may congratulate ourselves that we have not been actually shipwrecked, and our readers on the general results of last week's vaticinations. It has been often said by shrewd observers that Normanby was the best horse of his year at head-quarters; and, indeed, he has well-nigh proved himself second to no Leger candidate, for, with the soundness which he possesses beyond doubt, the gameness which he has always shown, and the latent stamina which he for the first time exhibited this week, in his defeat of the staying Skirmisher over the tiring Knavesmire, it is not more than 3 to 1, instead of 100 to 8, against the second in the 2,000 Guineas. The running of Champion with Siderolite at Goodwood makes this performance another feather in the cap of Thormanby, and a provoking adjunct to Lord Stamford's luck. Let not the running in the Yorkshire Stakes alarm the backers of Normanby, who is, to our thinking, the best place investment for the Leger of 1870. The surprise in the Biennial was exceeded by that in the Oaks on Tuesday, in which Gertrude, the trial horse of Kingcraft as a two-year-old, superbly ridden by French, overthrew the winner of the Epsom Oaks at 4lb., though ably ridden by Fordham, and the northern crack, Agility, with Frivolity, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, and the only victress of Sunshine as a two-year-old. This, with her running in the Stakes on Thursday, must be recorded as a chalk to Saunterer, whose stock are of an improving sort, and will hold their own with the best of their year for many an anniversary. Digby Grand showed but moderate form on Wednesday, when conceding the 15th Biennial to Tullibardine, and afterwards winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes, for which we selected him absolutely last week. It is evident that Tullibardine can stay better than we gave him credit for, as he not only defeated Digby Grand over the five furlongs, with 3lb. the worst of the weights, but Ortolan also, at 5lb., and it is clear that Matthew Dawson has a better horse in this son of Blair Athol than his early running at Newmarket indicated, and he should be watched for his autumn engagements.

The winner of the Ebor Handicap at 100 to 8, with the enormous burden of 9st. 4lb., is a sight to electrify the oldest *habitué* of sport. Only once, indeed, since 1843, has any animal equalled this performance; and no horse has ever carried a greater weight to victory over the trying Knavesmire. What say the desponding theoricians of the degeneracy of thoroughbred stock? Paganini, a five-year-old, after winning the Goodwood Stakes at top weight, and for that performance handicapped at 9st. 4lb. here, cuts down, one by one, the ephemeral three-year-old favourites, and lands the Ebor Handicap, over two miles, on one of the most laborious courses in England, after a heavy rain, most favourable to the light weights. Such performances as this, and many others familiar to our readers, extending over only a few months, and beginning with that of Knight of the Garter at Chester, where, with 9st. 11lb. he defeated three-year-olds which turned out some of the best of their year, give the lie to all quackery, and indisputably establish the fact, that never in the annals of the turf was there so much convincing evidence of the quality and stamina of our thoroughbreds. During his career, Paganini, who is by King of Kent, out of Melody, and hence the produce of the Faugh-a-Ballagh and Sweetmeat strain, has competed for forty-one engagements, and been credited with twenty wins, and stakes amounting to more than £3,600. More than half this, let it be noted, he has won as a five-year-old, with extreme weights, and in competition with light-weighted three-year-olds. Torreador and Lord Hawthorn both ran game horses, but could not defeat Snowden and Paganini. Cherie and Myosotis, backed to the last by their parties, sadly disappointed them. Blandford, who made the running, was lost in the straight run in; La Perichole, Miss Sheppard, and Ploughboy, were, as we anticipated, outsiders to the end. The Gimcrack Stakes, as we anticipated, fell to Bothwell, though shut in early in the race, and Rosicrucian was credited with the Cup, despite the fouling of Agility.

The York sales have been on an unusual scale, and drew a large muster of cognoscenti, but the prices offered must have been very disheartening to breeders of stock. The entire stud of Colonel Towneley, who gives up breeding, comprising eleven yearlings, twenty-four brood-mares, and four stallions, was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Tattersall, at Fairfield, on Monday, and realised altogether nearly 6,700*l*. Mr. Blenkiron bought Broadalbane, brother to Blair Athol, for whom he also gave 5,000 guineas at Mr. Jackson's sale, very cheap, at 1,650 guineas; and Ellermire, by Chanticleer out of Ellerdale, for 400 guineas. He also took the nice Birdcatcher mare, Humming Bird, with a colt foal by Lord Clifden, dirt cheap, for 250 guineas. Sir Thomas B. Lennard, who has an amateur stud, bought Kettledrum, the Derby winner, for 550 guineas, and King of Trumps went for a century.

The announcement of the sale of Count Lagrange's horses will cast a deep shadow on future events. The honourable course which he has pursued throughout his connection with the Turf, and the staunch support he has always given to the Newmarket and other first-class meetings, render his retirement a grievance to all well-wishers of national sport. Such patrons are rare, and can be ill spared; and it is to be hoped that, with the dawn of a brighter era for France, the colours of this distinguished sportsman may again be *frequently* seen on both sides of the Channel.

Several of the horses having run out their engagements at Stockton and York, will go on to Scarborough, where, on Monday and Tuesday next, the *élite* of fashion will muster strong on the beautiful greensward of Seamer Moor.

The Gunton Handicap, on Monday, will probably fall to Sir Charles Legard, whose estate gives the title to the Stakes, by the aid of Border Knight. The Prince of Wales's Stakes we award to Rebecca; and the Visitor's Plate to Lady Zetland.

On Tuesday, the Scarboro' Stakes will probably fall to Performer, and the Londesboro' Cup to Lady Zetland, unless she be penalised for a previous win. The Nursery Handicap we dare not meddle with; but the Members' Plate looks a good thing for Ptarmigan.

The Derby, Tunbridge, and Weymouth programme we must leave to post investors.

The Liverpool Summer Meeting takes place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the results of the various events for which the entries are received may be anticipated as follows:—

For the Molyneux Cup, Adelaide and Silenus have the best chances. For the Maiden Purse we prefer Grand Coup. The Tyro Stakes has a fair entry, from which we select the Lady de Trafford colt, or Constance. The Liverpool St. Leger will fall to Coutts, if Matthew Dawson throws down the gauntlet with the son of Dollar. The Maiden Two-year-old Plate will go to Grand Coup.

In the Lancashire Cup, on Thursday, we prefer the chances of Ptarmigan and Prior. The issue of the Tyro Stakes, on Monday, will guide the investor as to the probable result of the Badminton better than any opinion now. For the Maiden Plate of 50 sovs. we plump for the colt by Caractacus.

On Friday, the Liverpool Cup will gather the largest muster of Lancashire lads to the Downs of Aintree; and we prophecy the success of

Newsman, who, considering the weights have been raised 14lbs, is extremely well in. In the Earl of Sefton's Plate, we like the chance of Fichu; in the Stanley Nursery, Hesperia; and for the All Aged Plate, Grand Coup; while the Sefton Biennial looks like falling to The Knight, who has 3lb. allowance.

Forecast.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK

AT FAIRFIELD, BY MR. TATTERSALL, AUGUST 22ND AND 23RD.

THE PROPERTY OF COLONEL TOWNLEY.

Brood Mares, Foals, &c. Gs.

Haricot, by Lanercost or Mango—Queen Mary, by Gladiator, with a chesnut colt by Lord Clifden; covered by Kettledrum ..... Mr. W. I'Anson 120
Ellermere, by Chanticleer—Ellerdale, by Lanercost, with a bay colt by Breadalbane; covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. Blenkiron 400
Honeydew, by Touchstone—Beeswing, by Dr. Syntax; covered by Breadalbane ..... Capt. Gunter 20
Nelly Hill, by Springy Jack—Anne Page, by Touchstone; covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 105
Amethyst, by Touchstone—Camphine, by the Provost, with a chesnut colt foal by King of Trumps; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Blenkiron 130
Henham Lass, by the Flying Dutchman—La Bonne, by Alpheus, with a chesnut filly foal by Kettledrum; covered by Kettledrum ..... Mr. Ireland 150
Wax, by Surplice—Beeswax, by Liverpool, with a brown filly foal by Kettledrum; covered by Kettledrum. Major Stapylton 180
Imperatrice, by Orlando—Eulogy, by Euclid, with a bay filly foal by Breadalbane; covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. W. Day 340
Pompadour, by Stockwell—Marchioness, by Melbourne, with a chesnut filly foal by Kettledrum; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. W. Day 180
Humming Bird, by I. Birdcatcher—Indiana, by Muley Moloch, with a chesnut colt foal by Lord Clifden; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Blenkiron 250
Doefoot, by King of Trumps—Passion Flower, by Chatham, with a chesnut filly by Breadalbane; covered by Breadalbane ..... Major Stapylton 170
Passion Flower (h b), by Chatham—Rosaura, by Don John, with a chesnut filly foal by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 115
Scarlet Runner, by Orlando—Haricot, by Lanercost or Mango, with a bay filly foal by Breadalbane ..... Mr. J. Watson 260
Hesperithusa (h b), by Hesperus—Rosaura, by Don John, with a chesnut colt foal by Breadalbane; covered by Breadalbane ..... Capt. Gunter 110
Nightingale, by West Australian—Songstress, by I. Birdcatcher, with a bay colt by King of Trumps; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. W. Day 140
Fabiola, by Kettledrum—Haricot, by Lanercost or Mango, with a chesnut colt foal by King of Trumps; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 110
Alacrity, by Kettledrum—Bee Quick, by Windhound, with a brown filly by Breadalbane; covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. J. Lee 80
Manuella, by King of Trumps—Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound; covered by Kettledrum ... Mr. G. Holmes 140
Goodlass, by Kettledrum—Titania, by Emilius (barren in 1870); covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. Wilson 50
Brown filly, 3 yrs. by Kettledrum—Honeydew, by Touchstone; covered by Breadalbane ..... Mr. Bottrill 50
Chesnut filly, 3 yrs. by Blair Athol—Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes ..... Mr. Trotter 50
Bay filly, 3 yrs. by King of Trumps—Amethyst, by Touchstone ..... Col. Astley 90
Bay filly, 3 yrs. by Kettledrum—Ellermire, by Chanticleer; covered by King of Trumps ..... Mr. C. Vyner 100
Chesnut filly, 2 yrs. by Kettledrum—Scarlet Runner, by Orlando ..... Mr. Fish 55

Entire Horses.

Kettledrum, by Rataplan—Hybla, by The Provost ..... Sir T. B. Lennard 550
King of Trumps, by Velocipede—Mrs. Gill, by Viator ..... Mr. Clarke 100
Breadalbane, by Stockwell—Blink Bonny, by Melbourne—Queen Mary ..... Mr. Blenkiron 1650
Humdrum, br c, 4 yrs. by Kettledrum—Honeydew, by Touchstone ..... Mr. W. Cowen 90

Yearlings.

Chesnut colt, by Kettledrum—Haricot ... Mr. R. Peck 40
Chesnut colt, by Kettledrum—Nelly Hill, by Springy Jack ..... Mr. Warner 60
Brown colt, by Blair Athol—Humming Bird, by I. Birdcatcher ..... Major Stapylton 100
Bay colt, by King of Trumps—Amethyst, by Touchstone ..... Mr. R. Peck 110
Brown colt, by King of Trumps—Nightingale, by West Australian ..... Capt. Ingie 45
Chesnut colt, by Breadalbane—Good Lass, by Kettledrum ..... Mr. Masterman 25
Chesnut colt, by Breadalbane—Alacrity, by Kettledrum ..... Mr. J. Lee 45
Brown colt, by Breadalbane—Hesperithusa (h b), by Hesperus ..... Capt. Atkins 140
Bay filly, by Breadalbane—Imperatrice, by Orlando ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 210
Chesnut filly, by Kettledrum—Pompadour, by Stockwell ..... Mr. W. Nicholl 100
Chesnut filly, by Kettledrum—Manuella, by King of Trumps ..... Major Stapylton 30

THE PROPERTY OF W. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Yearlings.

Chesnut colt, by Camerino—Bohemia, by Weatherbit ..... Mr. W. Nicholl 85
Bay or brown colt, by Lambton—Wee Wee, by Stockwell ..... Mr. W. Nicholl 50
Bay filly, by Macaroni—Maid of the Mist, by The Flying Dutchman ..... Mr. G. Holmes 250
Bay filly, by Knight of St. Patrick—Medallion, by Longbow ..... Major Stapylton 50
Brown filly, by Y. Dutchman—All's Well, by The Cure ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 100

Brood Mares.

Mantalina, by The Cure—Gingerbread, by Sweatmeat; covered by Cavendish ..... Mr. Stevenson 5
Annie De Clare, by De Clare—Annie Laurie, by Pantasa; covered by Cavendish ..... Mr. Appleyard 12
Rebekah, by Promised Land—Miss Fanshawe, by Don Juan; covered by Cavendish ..... Mr. Keightley 10
A Half-bred Mare, by Annandale; covered by Cavendish ..... Mr. S. Scott 21

THE PROPERTY OF PRINCE BATTHYANY.

Brood Mares and Foals.

Tingle, by Slane—Vibration, by Sir Hercules; with a filly foal by Loiterer, and served by him again ..... Mr. Cassidy 30
Pamunkey, by Cannobie—a Piccaroon mare served by Julius ..... Mr. Smith 40
The Princess, by Iago—Duchess of Kent, by Belshazzar; with a filly foal by Loiterer, and served by him again ..... Mr. Peart 30
Mira, by Stockwell—Miranda, by Lanercost; with a filly foal by Vandervelde, and served by Adventurer ..... Mr. H. Day 50

Yearlings, &c.

Bay filly, by Loiterer—Tingle, by Slane ... Mr. Marshall 30
Chesnut filly, by Prince Plausible—Sunnylocks, by Newminster ..... Mr. Keightley 10
Bay filly, by Prince Plausible—Osprey, by Vortex ..... Mr. Ramsden 10
Bay colt, by Prince Plausible—Savannah, by The Flying Dutchman ..... Mr. N. Mason 15
Chesnut colt, by Loiterer—Pamunkey, by Cannobie ..... Mr. Page 25
Chesnut colt, by Loiterer—Reverie, by Sweetmeat ..... Mr. Marshall 10
Contadina, br f, by Loiterer—Orlanda, by Orlando, 2 yrs ..... Mr. Alexander 15

THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. WINTERINGHAM.

Maid of Perth, bay yearling filly, by Scottish Chief—Perth's dam ..... Mr. Jos. Dawson 520

THE PROPERTY OF R. EASTWOOD, ESQ.

Yearlings.

Chesnut colt, by Kettledrum—Black Bess, by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Hartigan 40
Chesnut colt, by Breadalbane—Repartee, by Orlando ..... Mr. Smith 45
Chesnut colt, by King of Trumps—Lady Alice Hawthorn, by Windhound ..... Mr. A. B. Bennet 135
Black filly, by Kettledrum—Honey Bee, by King of Trumps ..... Mr. Inge 20
Brown filly, by Breadalbane—Hawthorn Bloom, by Kettledrum ..... Mr. Masterman 35

RACING FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

Scarborough	29	Tunbridge	30
Derby Summer	30	Liverpool	31
Weymouth	30	Totnes and Bridgetown	31
Great Yarmouth	30		

SEPTEMBER.

Uxbridge	1	Richmond	20
Warwick	6	Sutton Park	20
Folkestone	7	Ayr	21
Barnet	7	Monmouth	22
King's Lynn	8	Kingsbury	22
Gravesend	8	Manchester	23
Abingdon	8	East Somerset	27
Doncaster	13	Newmarket 1st October	27
Salop	19	Chesterfield	28
Hampton Autumn	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd October	10		

NOVEMBER.

Worcester	1	Shrewsbury	14
Liverpool Autumn	8		

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Great Yorkshire Handicap (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) ..... Tues., Sept. 13.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)... Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)... Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)... Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs) ..... Wed., Oct. 12.
Roxburghe Handicap (1¼ miles) ..... Tues., Oct. 18.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ... Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Count Lagrange has determined to sell off all his race horses and his two stallions Gladiateur and Montagnard. The breaking up of this fine stud will be a serious loss to Newmarket, and is another incident of the war. There is sure to be spirited competition for Gladiateur, the winner of the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger in 1865, for whom the Count refused £10,000 when three years old. The two-year-old Général, one of the Derby favourites for 1871, will doubtless be eagerly sought after.

Out of fifty-three horses handicapped for the Liverpool Summer Cup, run September 2, only fifteen have accepted, viz.: Kennington, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb; Myosotis, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb; Honestish, 6 yrs, 6st 5lb; Ploughboy, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb; Fidelia, 5 yrs, 7st; Choral, 5 yrs, 7st, Glenfalloch, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb; Torreador, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb; Miss Theo, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb; Newsman, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Free Trade, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Sarsfield, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Indian Ocean, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Mortlake, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; and Chilworth, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.

Eight two-year-olds, the property of M. Lupin, have arrived at Arthur Briggs' stable at Middleham from France.

Morna, 4 yrs, has been turned out of training.

Prince Soltykoff's horses in training are to be disposed of by private contract, consequent upon the Prince returning to Russia for a short time.

The whole of Mr. J. Barber's racing and breeding stock are announced to be sold, including the establishment at Ravensden, near Bedford.

Mr. William Day, who was a considerable purchaser of blood stock at Fairfield, is forming a very large stud of brood mares.

The promising young light-weight, G. Jarvis, dislocated his collar-bone on Monday, in consequence of a horse falling with him while at exercise at Wheathampstead.

The well-known Scottish athlete, Donald Dinnie, of Aboyne, has met with quite an ovation in America, whither he has gone for a brief sojourn at the request of a number of his countrymen resident there. Donald Dinnie suffered considerably from the fatigue of the voyage across the Atlantic, and when he landed at New York, towards the end of last month, he looked much thinner, which somewhat affected his physical powers. Notwithstanding this, at the Adroit games, on the 27th ult., where Dinnie made his first public appearance in America, he outdistanced all other competitors in every contest in which he took part, surpassing the second man at hammer throwing by 30 feet. While the Scotchmen on the other side of the Atlantic are naturally very proud of the muscular native of Deeside, the Americans and the Yankee journalists are loud in admiration at Dinnie's extraordinary display of prowess and agility.

GREAT SWIMMING RACE FOR £50.

On Monday last at noon the long-talked-of match between H. Coulter and D. Pamplin was swum over the two miles on tideway between the Doves at Hammersmith to Putney Aqueduct on the ebb tide. There was a little less current than usual, owing to the wind, and the attendance was as limited as anything could possibly be. Swimmers, as a rule, are the class that rise with the lark and go to bed with the sun. When they train it is whilst the dew is yet on the grass, before the sun is well up, or else in the evening, when the parish Lord Chamberlain allows nudity to have its fling. A fixture, therefore, for a race at mid-day was a sad trial to its usual supporters, and but few of them could waste their day's labour to come to the contest. However, the tide is the important matter, and, as there is no piece of water elsewhere in the metropolitan district where a race of any length can be carried out, the Thames was the alternative. It was past one before the steamer left her moorings at the pier with the two competitors on board, and in ten minutes they were stripped at the bows ready for the signal. Pamplin had the Surrey station, with the turn of the corner at first, and in a few strokes he had a lead, which he made into a length at the bridge. Here some barges were right in the course, and Coulter, having to alter his direction, fell three lengths astern in a short time, but Pamplin, getting into the eddy from the bridge, came back to him, and at the Soap Works both men were dead level. Pamplin in the first minute was doing 36 long strokes per minute, Coulter 39, both men alternately doing the breast and side stroke. The race was now a neck-and-neck affair for 300 yards, when Pamplin seemed to go ahead with ease, but at the Grass Wharf Coulter came up, passed him, and took his water. More than half the course had been swum, and the pace of stroke had fallen to Pamplin 32, Coulter 34 per minute, the latter principally on his breast. At the Point, Pamplin, by a beautiful exhibition of side swimming, came up level again and got his own side, and up to the boat-houses it was again a ding-dong race, Coulter doing 30 and Pamplin 28 strokes. The steering of both men, which had hitherto been good, was now wild, and Coulter, slowly forging ahead, took Pamplin's water and kept it to the finish, winning by five lengths, after another fine spurt from Pamplin, who considerably reduced the gap in the last 100 yards. Both men were greatly exhausted at the finish, as much from the cold water and wind as from the exertion of the struggle. Pamplin has beaten Coulter over a 1,000 yards' course, and his distance seems to be about that. Coulter, it may be remembered, was beaten by White in their swim to Greenwich some time ago—five miles. The time of this race on a two and a-half hours' ebb was 33 minutes. Morriss, who has lately retired from the amateur swimming world and taken to the professional, is ready to swim Coulter. These, with H. George, now in America, and C. Whyte, represent the first professional swimmers in London.

Advertisements.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—7.0, DAME AUX CAMELIAS, Ballet of Action. Principal Dancers, Mdlle. Emma Carle and Herr Carle (from Niblo's Theatre, New York).

GAIETY.—7.30, PETER SPYK, Comic Drama, in one act, by Planché. Miss Tremaine, Miss Maria Harris, Mr. A. Stuart, Mr. Dalton, and

GAIETY.—Mr. MORRIS, the celebrated Anglo-Dutch Comedian from America, his sixth appearance in England.

GAIETY.—8.30, DOLLY, Comic Opera, in one act, by Adolphe Adam.

GAIETY.—Madame FLORENCE LANCIA.

GAIETY.—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS.

GAIETY.—Mr. AYNSLEY COOK, Mr. STOYLE.

GAIETY.—TROMBALCAZAR, Musical Extravaganza, by Offenbach. Sixth Time.

GAIETY.—Miss LOSEBY, Mr. Perrini, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Stoyle, Herr Carle, and Mdlle Emma Carle. Ballet and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus.

MR. SANTLEY, OCT. 8.—BLUE BEARD, with Miss Julia Matthews, and Mr. Beverly, next Monday. In preparation, Pitkin's "Quaker," and Donizetti's "Betty." Miss E. Farren will make her reappearance Monday, Sept. 5. Mr. J. L. Toole at Christmas. No fees. Lrices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages 11.—GAIETY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival by general desire of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"'Little Em'ly' is revived with a cast in many respects so new that the revival may almost be regarded as a novelty. Without drawing 'odorous' comparisons, we may safely affirm that the piece has not in the least suffered by the change of the performers."—Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING Saturday), August 27, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE.—"'The Raging Torrent,' behind the fisherman's hut, with menacing shapes of gnomes, goblins, and water sprites surging amid the waters. The Enchanted Forest, haunted by mischievous elves. 'The Descent of Undine beneath the waves.' 'The Apotheosis of Undine,' who is seen soaring towards Olympus, surrounded by ministering seraphs clad in many-coloured robes, on which the lime-light falls with refulgent splendour."—Morning Post.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.—Mr. DAVID FISHER'S BENEFIT, MONDAY, August 29.—Last night but three of LITTLE EM'LY. Micawber, Mr. David Fisher. Three scenes from HENRY IV. Falstaff (first time in London), Mr. David Fisher. To conclude with the beautiful legend of UNDINE,

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—18th time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Open Every Evening for the Summer Season.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.10, the comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE; and A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Doors open at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office or at the Libraries.

COMPLAINTS. Sung by Mr. EDWARD TERRY. Encored five times every night in Byron's great burlesque, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, Mr. DAVID JAMES will positively make his appearance here in a new farce, entitled CHISELLING, supported by Mr. Lin Rayne (his first appearance at this theatre), Mr. W. H. Stephens, Miss Lavis, and Miss Claire, Saturday August 27.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. H. J. Montague, T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, A. Newton, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

MESSRS. MONTAGUE, JAMES, and THORNE beg to announce that this SATURDAY MORNING, August 27, at two o'clock, a PERFORMANCE of the enormously successful comedy of the TWO ROSES, by James Albery, will be given in AID of the FUND now being raised for the SICK and WOUNDED SOLDIERS of the FRENCH and GERMAN ARMIES. The ladies and gentlemen of the company, the band, and every one engaged on the establishment, have offered their gratuitous services. The proceeds will be immediately handed over to the Lord Mayor, and the amount announced from the stage in the course of the morning.—VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING at 7.30, Charles Reade's great drama of PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, from the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, with the entire Adelphi Company, and all the original effects that have recently created so great a sensation at that theatre.

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"War Office, 30th May, 1870.
"Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 23rd instant, and to acquaint you in reply that the advertisement referred to was not inserted by any authority from this office.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, "THOS. HOWELL.
"The Secretary,
"Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, 41, Mark-lane."

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NOTICE.—MR. DONALD, late of St. James's Hall, Regent-street, and the Royal Hotel, Ascot, begs to inform the public that he has OPENED the MANSION HOUSE TAVERN, Poultry, and Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, for the sale of live and dressed Turtle, Wines, &c. Mr. Donald has always on hand a large supply of live and dressed Turtle, invalid, clear, and thick, 18s. per quart.

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N.B.—The History is the result of the accumulation of many years, and the labour of many months. No fewer than 170 Authorities have been consulted and are cited.

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